3 Sc
19

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GIANTS LATELY DISCOVERED.

(Price One Shilling.)

This Work is entered in the Hall-Book of the COMPANY of STATIONERS, according to Act of Parliament; whoever Prints it, or any Part thereof, will be profecuted as the Law directs.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

GIANTS

LATELY DISCOVERED;

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

T. S. K

LONDON:

Printed for F. NOBLE, opposite *Gray's-Inn*, *Holborn*.

MDCCLXVI.

20

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

An Account of the

GIANTS

LATELY DISCOVERED.

Dear Will,

THOUGH People in the Country are enough diſpoſed to believe Wonders, yet are they prudently apt to ſuſpend giving Credit to all that are ſent from *London*, except of a political Caſt. You good Folks ſtill believe in an uninterrupted Generation of Patriots; and though they ſo ſeldom come to Years

of Maturity, you truſt in them as faſt as they are produced in St. *Stephen*'s Chapel. For other monſtrous Births, you are fonder of them, the farther they come. Ghoſts and Witches are entirely of your own Growth. Excepting the famous Ghoſt of a Sound in *Cock-Lane*, from which the Methodiſts expected ſuch a rich Harveſt, (for what might not a riſing Church promiſe itſelf from ſuch well imagined Nonſenſe as the Apparition of a Noiſe?) I think many, many Years have elapſed, ſince the Capital could boaſt of having regenerated a Spirit. Your Sagacity will therefore incline you to doubt the marvellous Account I am going to give you of a new diſcovered Race of Giants.

Perhaps you will take the Relation for ſome political Allegory, or think it a new

new vamped Edition of *Swift*'s Brobdignags. My good Friend, it is neither the one nor the other; though I muſt own, a political Myſtery, and a wonderful one too, for it is really kept a Secret.—The very Crew of the Ship who ſaw Five Hundred of theſe lofty Perſonages, did not utter a word of the Matter for a whole Year; and even now, that a general Idea has taken wind, can ſcarce be brought to give any Particulars to their moſt intimate Friends.

All that the Public can yet learn, is, that Captain *Byron* and his Men have ſeen on the Coaſt of *Patagonia* Five Hundred Giants on Horſeback. Giants? you will cry, what do you call Giants? why, my Friend, not Men of Fifty or an Hundred Feet high, yet ſtill very perſonable Giants, and much taller than any

Individual ever exhibited at *Charing Croſs*. Come, what do you think of Nine or Ten Feet high? and what do you think of Five Hundred ſuch? will Mrs.——— cry, "piſh, That is no Giant, it is only a well made Man?

I am told, for I am no reader of Travels, that this Gigantic Nation was known to exiſt as early as the diſcovery of that Continent: That Sir *John Narborough* mentions them; and of late Years, *Maupertuis*. The *Spaniards* aſſert that they have long been acquainted with their exiſtence——So they you ſee can keep a Secret too. But the Reaſons given why we know ſo little of the Matter, are, that few Ships ever touch on that Coaſt, ſtanding more out to Sea, in order to double the *Cape*, and that theſe Giants are a roving Nation, and ſeldom come down

down to the Coaſt; and then I ſuppoſe, only *to bob for Whales.*

You will be eager to know a great deal more than I can tell you; but thus much I think is allowed. That Captain *Byron* being on that Coaſt, ſaw a Body of Men at a diſtance on very ſmall Horſes; as they approached, he perceived that the Horſes were common-ſized Horſes, but that the Riders were enormouſly tall, though I do not hear that their Legs trailed much on the Ground. This was fine Game for a Man ſent on Diſcoveries. The Captain and part of his Crew immediately landed, on which Meſſieurs the Giants as quickly retreated. Whether this Timidity was owing to the Terror which the *Engliſh* Arms have ſtruck into all Parts of the known, and I conclude, unknown World; whether

they

they took Captain *Byron* for Mr. *Pitt*; whether they took our Men for *Spaniards*, whoſe name muſt be in Horror to all *Americans*; or whether they had any apprehenſions of Fire-Arms, I cannot tell. Be that as it may, the more the Captain and his Men advanced, the faſter the Giants kept trotting off. Seeing this, the Captain took a bold and ſenſible Reſolution: he ordered his Men to lay down their Arms and remain Stock ſtill, himſelf alone advancing. I doubt much whether *Homer* would have cared to venture his *Jupiter* alone againſt Five Hundred *Titans*.

Captain *Byron*'s *Titans* had more of the *Scavoir vivre*, and ſeeing him advance alone, ſtopped. He came up with them, and addreſſed them in all the Languages he knew, and that they did not. They

replied in the Giant-Tongue, which I am told a very reverend Critic, upon the Strength of one Syllable which the Captain remembered, affirms is plainly *Phænician*. The Captain not being Maſter of that exceedingly uſeful and obſolete Language, had the Misfortune of not comprehending a Word they ſaid. Had he been a deep Scholar, he would undoubtedly have had recourſe to Hieroglyphics, which the Learned tell us was the firſt Way of conveying Inſtruction: But I muſt beg leave to obſerve that it was very lucky the Captain had not ſo much Erudition. I do not know whether he can draw or not, but moſt probably if he can, he had not his Implements with him. At moſt perhaps a Black-Lead Pencil, or a Pen and Ink, and the Cover of a Letter. He could not with ſuch Tools have aſked many Queſtions; and

as

as the Giants are probably not better Painters than the *Egyptians*, he would have underſtood their Anſwers as little as the Learned do the Figures on Obeliſks. Thus he would have loſt his Time, and got no Information; or what is worſe to every Man but a Critic, have made a thouſand abſurd Gueſſes. The Captain having a great Deal more Senſe, and the Savages ſome, they naturally fell into that *Succedaneum* to Language, Signs. Yet I do not hear that either Side gained much Information.

The firſt Thing, or rather firſt Sign, he ſaid to them in this Dilemma, was, *ſit down*, which he explained by ſitting down on the Ground himſelf. The poor good Giants underſtood him, diſmounted, and ſat down too. It is ſaid, but far be it from me to affirm it, that when the Captain

(who

(who I am told is upwards of Six Feet) roſe again, the neareſt Giant to him, tho' ſitting, was taller than he.

An Hour or two was ſpent in fruitleſly endeavouring to underſtand one another: All I hear the Captain comprehended, was, that the Giants invited him very civily to go with them into the Woods, where, I ſuppoſe, *Gigantopolis* ſtands, and their King reſides, who, no doubt, is at leaſt two Feet taller than the talleſt of his Grenadiers. The Captain declined the Offer, at which theſe polite Savages expreſſed much Concern, but never once, as any ſtill more polite People would have done, attempted to force him.

When he took his leave they remained motionleſs, and continued ſo, as he ob-

ſerved by his Glaſſes, till the Ship was out of their Sight.

Very few other Particulars are come to my Knowledge, except that they were clothed in Skins of Beaſts, and had their Eyes painted of different Colours; that they had no Weapons, but Spears pointed with Fiſh-Bones, that they devour Fiſh raw, and that they ſhowed great Repugnance to taſte any Liquids offered to them by the Captain; and that though they were too polite abſolutely to refuſe his Toaſt, they ſpit the Liquor out of their Mouths again; whether from Apprehenſion of Intoxication or Poiſon, is not certain: However it looks as if they had ſome Notion of ſuch *European* Arts. What is more remarkable; the Weather being very ſevere at that Seaſon, the

whole Coloſſal Troop ſeemed as ſenſible of the Cold, and ſhivered like us little delicate Mortals of Six Feet high. They had a few Gianteſſes with them, but as the Captain did not ſurvey them with the ſmall End of his Spying-Glaſs, I do not hear that he was much ſtruck with their Charms.

This, my dear Friend, is all the Satisfaction I can give you. However I am proud to be the firſt who has communicated this important Diſcovery to *Europe*.

The Speculations it has already occaſioned, and will occaſion, are infinite. The Wolf of the *Gevaudan*, that Terror of the *French* Monarchy, is already forgotten. Naturaliſts, Politicians, Divines, and Writers of Romance, have a new Field opened to them. The Scale of

Being aſcends; we mount from the Pigmies of *Lapland* to the Giants of *Patagonia*.

You will aſk, but I cannot anſwer you, Whether the Scale of the Country is in proportion to ſuch Inhabitants? Whether their Oaks are half as lofty again as the *Britiſh*; and ſuch is your Zeal for *England*, you will already figure a Fleet built of their Timber. How large is the Grain of their Corn? of what Size their Sheep, Cows, and Poultry? Do not go and compute by *Gulliver*'s Meaſures, and tell me that a populous Nation of ſuch Dimenſions would devour the Products of ſuch a Country as Great *Tartary* in half a Year. Giants there are; but what proportionable Food they have, except Elephants and Leviathans, is more than I can tell.

They

They probably do not live upon Bantam-Chickens.

As you are ſtill more of a Politician than a Naturaliſt, you will be impatient to know if Captain *Byron* took Poſſeſſion of the Country for the Crown of *England*, and to have his Majeſty's Stile run, GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of GOD, King of *Great-Britain*, *France*, *Ireland*, *and the Giants!* You will aſk why ſome of their Women were not brought away to mend our Breed, which all good Patriots aſſert has been dwindling for ſome Hundreds of Years; and whether there is any Gold or Diamonds in the Country? Mr. *Whitfield* wants to know the ſame Thing, and it is ſaid intends a Viſit for the Converſion of theſe poor blinded Savages.

As ſoon as they are properly civilized, that is, enſlaved, due care will undoubtedly be taken to ſpecify in their Charter that theſe Giants ſhall be ſubject to the Parliament of *Great-Britain*, and ſhall not wear a Sheep's Skin that is not legally Stamped. A Riot of Giants would be very unpleaſant to an Infant Colony. But Experience, I hope, will teach us, that the invaluable Liberties of *Engliſhmen* are not to be wantonly ſcattered all over the Globe. Let us enjoy them ourſelves, but they are too ſacred to be communicated. If Giants once get an Idea of Freedom, they will ſoon be our Maſters inſtead of our Slaves. But what Pretenſions can they have to Freedom? They are as diſtinct from the common Species as Blacks, and by being larger, may be more uſeful, I would adviſe our prudent Merchants

chants to employ them in the Sugar Trade; they are capable of more Labour; but even then they muſt be worſe treated, if poſſible, than our Black Slaves are; they muſt be lamed and maimed, and have their Spirits well broken, or they may become dangerous. This too will give a little reſpite to *Africa*, where we have half exhauſted the Human, I mean, the Black Breed, by that wiſe maxim of our Planters, that if a Slave lives Four Years, he has earned his Purchaſe-Money, conſequently you may afford to work him to Death in that time.

The Mother Country is not only the Firſt, but ought to be the ſole Object or our political Conſiderations. If we once begin to extend the Idea of the Love of our Country, it will embrace the Univerſe, and conſequently annihilate

all

all Notion of our Country. The Romans, ſo much the Object of modern Admiration, were with difficulty perſuaded to admit even the reſt of *Italy* to be their Countrymen. The true Patriots never regarded any thing without the Walls of *Rome*, except their own *Villas*, as their Country. Every thing was done for immortal *Rome*, and it was immortal *Rome* that did every thing. Conquered Nations, which to them anſwered to diſcovered Nations with us, for they conquered as faſt as they diſcovered, were always treated accordingly; and it is remarkable that two Men equally famous for their Eloquence have been the only Two that ever had the weakneſs to think that conquered Countries were intituled to all the Bleſſings of the Mother Country. *Cicero* treated *Sicily* and *Cilicia* as tenderly as the Diſ-

trict

trict of *Arpinum*, and I doubt it was the the folly of that Example that miſled his too exact Imitator on a late occaſion. However, the Giants muſt be impreſſed with other Ideas: Bleſs us, if like that Pigmy old *Oliver*, they ſhould come to think the Speaker's Mace a Bawble!

What have we to do with *America*, but to conquer, enſlave, and make it tend to the Advantage of our Commerce? ſhall the nobleſt Rivers in the World roll for Savages? ſhall Mines teem with Gold for the Natives of the Soil? and ſhall the World produce any Thing but for *England*, *France*, and *Spain*? It is enough that the Overflowings of Riches in thoſe three Countries are every Ten Years waſted in *Germany*.

Still, my political Friend, I am not for occupying *Patagonia*, as we did *Virginia*, *Carolina*, &c. ſuch might be the Politics of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Days. But modern Improvements are wiſer. If the Giants in queſtion are Maſters of a rich and flouriſhing Empire, I think they ought to be put under their Majeſties, a *West-East Indian* Company; the Directors of which may retail out a ſmall Portion of their Imperial Revenues to the Proprietors, under the Name of a Dividend. This is an excellent Scheme of Government totally unknown to the Ancients. I can but think how poor *Livy* or *Tacitus* would have been hampered in giving an Account of ſuch an *imperium in imperio*. *Caſſimirus Alius Caunus*, (for they latinized every proper Name, inſtead of delivering it, as uncouthly pronounced by their Soldiers

Soldiers and Sailors) would have ſounded well enough: But Dividends, Diſcounts, *India* Bonds, *&c.* were not made for the Majeſty of Hiſtory. But I am wandering from my Subject; though, while I am talking of the Stocks and Funds, I could chalk out a very pretty New South-Sea Scheme, *a propos* to the *Patagonians*. It would not ruin above Half the Nation, and would make the Fortunes of ſuch induſtrious Gentlemen, as during the Want of a War in *Germany* cannot turn Commiſſaries.

Command is the Object of every Man's Ambition; but by the impolitic Aſſent of Ages and Nations to Hereditary Monarchy, you muſt be begotten on a Queen, or are for ever excluded from wearing a Diadem; except in a very few Inſtances; as in *Poland*, where the

Throne is elective; in *Corſica*, where they will not acknowledge Hereditary Right in the Republic of *Genoa*; in *Ruſſia*, where a Soldier's Trull ſucceeded her Huſband the *Czar*, and where there are other Ways of ſucceeding a Huſband; in *Peru* where they are tired of exchanging their Gold for Tyrants; and in *Paraguay*, where the Outcaſts of the Earth, and the Inventors of the Oath of Obedience, have thrown off all Submiſſion to their Prince, and having mounted the Throne, will probably renounce the Oath of Chaſtity too. But it is to *England* that Perſons of the loweſt Birth are indebted for the Invention and Facility of weilding at leaſt Part of a Scepter. Buy but an *India* Bond and you have a Property in the Kingdom of *Bengal*. Riſe to be a Director, and the *Mogul* has not more Power

of

appointing and diſplacing Nabobs. *Indian* Sovereigns may now be born in *Threadneedle-Street*.

What the Government means by pocketing a whole Nation of Giants, is not to be conceived. It ought again to draw down the Vengeance of their Antagoniſts on the preſent Miniſters. I am ſure they have done nothing worſe. Who knows but at this Inſtant they may be preparing to pour in Forty or Fifty thouſand Giants upon us? Their Love of Liberty, their Tenderneſs of the Conſtitution, their Lenity, Mildneſs and Diſintereſtedneſs, their Attention to the Merchants, in ſhort, all their Virtues may be affected, and only calculated to lull us aſleep, until the fatal Blow is ſtruck. I own my Apprehenſions are gloomy; yet, thank GOD, we have a

pretty

pretty tall Oppoſition, who will not ſuffer us to be enſlaved by any Thing higher than themſelves.

In the mean Time, till we know ſomething of the Matter, it is to be hoped, that all ſpeculative Authors, who are ſo kind as to govern and reform the World through the Channel of the News Papers, will turn their Thoughts to Plans for ſettling this new acquired Country. I call it new acquired, becauſe whoever finds a Country, though Nobody has loſt it, is from that Inſtant intitled to take a Poſſeſſion of it for himſelf, or his Sovereign. *Europe* has no other Title to *America*, except Force and Murder, which are rather the executive Parts of Government than a Right. Though *Spain* pretends a Knowledge of our Giants, ſhe has forfeited all Pretenſions to their Allegiance,

giance, by concealing the Diſcovery; as is plain from the Deciſion of the *Canon* Law, *Tit. de novis regionibus non abſcondendis.*

The firſt Thought that will occur to every good Chriſtian, is, that this Race of Giants ought to be exterminated, and their Country colonized; but I have already mentioned the great Utility that may be drawn from them in the Light of Slaves. I have alſo ſaid, that a moderate Importation might be tolerated for the Sake of mending our Breed; but I would by no Means come into a Project I have heard dropped, and in which Propagation would not be concerned, I mean the Scheme of bringing over a Number of Giants for ſecond Huſbands to Dowagers. *Ireland* is already kept in a State of Humiliation. We check their Trade,

Trade, and do not allow them to avail themſelves of the beſt ſituated Harbours in the World. Matrimony is their only Branch of Commerce unreſtricted, and it would be a moſt crying Injuſtice to clog that too.

In truth, we are not ſufficiently acquainted with theſe Goliahs to decide peremptorily on their Properties. No Account of them has been yet tranſmitted to the Royal Society: But it would be exceedingly adviſeable, that a Jury of Matrons ſhould be ſent in the next embarkation to make a report; and old Women for old Women, I would truſt to the Analyſis of the Matrons in preference to that of the Philoſophers.

I will now, my Friend, drop the political Part of this Diſcuſſion, and inform

you what effect this Phænomenon has had on another Set of Men. It has ſtarted an obvious and very perplexing Queſtion, *viz.* whether theſe Giants are *Aborigines*; if they are not, from which of the Sons of *Noah* are they deſcended, and in that caſe how we ſhall account for this extraordinary increaſe of Stature?

The modern Philoſophers are peremptory that theſe Giants are *Aborigines*, that is, that their Country has been inhabited by Giants from the Creation of the World. The Scriptures, ſay thoſe Gentlemen, mention Giants, but never poſterior to the Flood; whence we ought to believe that they periſhed in the General Deluge. Neither, add they, are we told that any Son of *Noah* was of Stature ſupereminent to his Brethren. Yet we will

 ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe, ſay they, that ſome of their Deſcendants might have Shot up to an Extraordinary height, without Notice being taken of it in Sacred Writ. Nay, they allow that this increaſe of Stature might not have appeared till after the Date of Holy Writ. Yet is it credible, ſay they, that a race of Giants ſhould have been formed, and remain unknown to all Ages, all Nations, all Hiſtory? Did theſe Monſters paſs unobſerved from the moſt Eaſtern Part of the Continent (the ſuppoſed Communication by which *America* was peopled) to the Northern Parts of the other World, and migrate down that whole Continent to the moſt Southern Point of it, without leaving any Trace, even by Tradition, in the memory of Mankind? Or are we to believe, that Tribes of Giants ſailed from

Africa

Africa to *America*? What Veſſels wafted them? Was Navigation ſo perfected in the infant Ages of the World, that Fleets enormouſly larger than any now exiſting were conſtructed for the tranſportation of a Race of *Polyphemes*? Or to come to the Third Point, is it the Climate that has ripened them, as *Jamaica* ſwells Oranges to Shadocks, to this ſtupendous Volume? But North and South of them are Men of the ordinary ſize, nor has the ſame Latitudes produced any thing ſimilar. Natural Philoſophers cannot account for it, therefore Divines certainly can; and when this People ſhall be better known, I do not doubt but the Myſtery will be cleared up; for as theſe Giants have indubitably remained unmixed longer than any other People, we ſhall probably diſcover ſtronger Traces

of their *Jewiſh* Origin. Their Cult is in all likelihood leſs corrupted from that of the Sons of *Noah*, than is to be found elſewhere: their Language poſſibly the Genuine *Hebrew*, not *Phœnician*; and if I might hazard a Conjecture, theſe Giants are probably the Deſcendants of the Ten Tribes ſo long loſt, and ſo Fruitleſly ſought by the Learned; and having deviated leſs from the true Religion of their Forefathers, may have been reſtored to, or preſerved in their primitive Stature and Vigour. I offer this Opinion with much Modeſty, though I think it more reaſonable than any *Hypotheſis* I have yet heard on the Subject.

Whatever their Religion ſhall appear to be, it will be matter of great Curioſity

oſity. We ſcarce know of any People, except the *Hottentots*, or the *Heroes*, who lived in the Days of *Fingal*, among whom no Traces of any Religious Notions or Worſhip have been diſcovered.

If they are not *Jews*, but Idolaters, the Statues of their Divinities, their ſacrificing Inſtruments, or whatever are the Trinkets of their Devotion, will be great Rarities, and worthy of a place in any Muſeum.

Their Poetry will be another Object of Inquiry, and if their Minds are at all in proportion to their Bodies, muſt abound in the moſt lofty Images, in the true Sublime. Oh! If we could come at an Heroic Poem penned by a Giant! We ſhould ſee other Images than our puny

puny Writers of Romance have conceived; and a little different from the Cold Tale of a late notable Author, who did not know better what to do with his Giant than to make him grow till he ſhook his own Caſtle about his own Ears.

In ſhort, my good Friend, here is ample Room for Speculation: but I hope we ſhall go calmly and ſyſtematically to Work: that we ſhall not exterminate theſe poor Monſters till we are fully acquainted with their Hiſtory, Laws, Opinions, Police, *&c.* that we ſhall not convert them to Chriſtianity, only to cut their Throats afterwards; that Nobody will beg a Million of Acres of Giant-Land, till we have determined what to do with the preſent Occupiers:

and that we ſhall not throw away Fifteen or Twenty Thouſand Men in conquering their Country, as we did at the *Havannah*, only to reſtore it to the *Spaniards*:

BRITISH MUSEUM

July 1, 1766.

Your's,

S. T.

[31]